AN ANSWER TO THE EXAMINATION OF *The Management of the War*

Written by the *Medley's* Footman.

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To the READER.

MY *Maſter* Medley *being very buſy on* Saturday, *gave me leave to perſonate him in this Anſwer, which ſhou'd have been the ſame day put in the Preſs, but that it was employ'd in his Service.*

Monday, March 5.
1710.

AN ANSWER TO THE EXAMINATION, &c.

MY Friend the *Examiner*, having told us at one time, that he wou'd examine the *Management of the War* in ſome of his weekly Papers; and at another, that he had had Thoughts of conſidering thoſe Letters in a ſeparate Work, but that he ſhou'd now defer it, till the *Footman was turn'd away*; I began to think the promis'd *Examination* wou'd come to nothing, and expected nothing leſs than to ſee a Pamphlet under that Name, which was brought to me this Morning.

As I was very impatient to have a ſight of it, I was the more ſurpriz'd, to find it ſo exceeding dull. After being two Months in Labour, I cou'd not imagine the *Mountains* cou'd bring forth any thing ſo very ſtupid and ridiculous. 'Tis ſuch a mean, low Performance, that after reading it twice over, which I believe is more than any body elſe will do, I can't diſcern in it the leaſt ſhadow of an Argument: and I muſt do my Friend the *Examiner* the Juſtice to clear him from having any hand in it. Who, were he capable of writing ſuch wretched Stuff, I ſhou'd ſuſpect he *ſmelt a Rat*, and that he was taking his Leave of the Side he has with ſo much Noiſe and Violence eſpous'd.

The whole Piece, from beginning to end, has not one bright ſmart Stroak in it, not one ſpark of Wit or Life, much leſs any thing like Argument. He is fit for nothing elſe but to be the Head of the *Tatler's Inſipids*. In ſhort, 'tis impoſſible to be pleaſed or informed with any thing he ſays; and had not the Letter-Writer, in a Poſtſcript, recommended himſelf to my Protection, who am the declar'd Patron of the *ruin'd Party*, I

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ſhou'd not have defil'd my Pen with the leaſt notice of it.

This *Examiner*, in a Pamphlet of forty Pages, ſpends all to the 12th, and after the 34th, entirely, in a manner, in attacking the Letter-Writer for medling with *Politicks*, and *flattering Great Men*, upon a Suppoſition he knows who it is, which I confeſs I do not.

I agree entirely with him, that for the *Clergy* to meddle in *Politicks*, is going out of their Sphere; and happy wou'd it be for this Country, if the Body of them were of that Mind: We ſhou'd then, eſpecially for this laſt Twelvemonth, have had more *Divinity* from the *Pulpit*, and more *Quiet* in the Nation. Court wou'd not be made to *Princes* by the Men *of that Coat*, (to uſe this *Examiner*'s Expreſſion, *pag.* 36.) at the Expence of the Peoples Liberties, as we have ſeen done in ſolſom Sermons and high-flown Addreſſes, which they ſeldom fail of having a chief Part in.

But how improper 'tis for Men of *his Function*, who profeſſes himſelf a *Clergyman*, to write in *Politicks*, we can't have a better Proof of, than his own Performance: For his *Examination* ſhews, bet-

ter than any thing that can be writ againſt it, how unfit he is for the Buſineſs he has undertaken. For which reaſon I earneſtly recommend the reading of it to the whole Party, who till then perhaps may ſuſpect there is ſome Senſe in it.

Now, as his own Performances, by his way of arguing, may convince any one that he is a *Clergyman*, he muſt be extremely dull, not to find out, by the ſame Argument, that the Letter-Writer is not. He pretends to tell us, indeed, that 'tis no Secret, who the Letter-Writer is; that *he takes all occaſions to reveal it himſelf*. But this is either a downright Falſhood, or he means ſome other Perſon than they are commonly aſcrib'd to, who, I have been aſſur'd, wou'd never own having any hand in them; but on the contrary, tells his Friends, he is ſo far from writing them, that he never ſpoke a Word to any Man living about them, nor any Man to him, till he ſaw them in print.

But whoever the Letter-Writer be, this *Examiner* has quite miſtaken the Reaſons that induc'd him to it: 'tis impoſſible it cou'd be to *flatter Great Men, and graſp at a Miter*. This is the firſt time I believe, that to vindicate a *late* M——— has been thought

thought the way to Preferment, tho to flatter the *preſent* be the high road to it. If the Writer had theſe Aims, he will find he has ſlipt his Opportunity. Time was when well-plac'd Flattery might have done Wonders: but he that writes now on that ſide, can have no other Motive, but the ſame I my ſelf write for; to do Juſtice to the *ruin'd Party*. And if the *Letter-Writer* be a *Clergyman*, I wiſh more of them wou'd follow his Example, and vindicate the great Services of thoſe that are out, rather than ſupply with baſe Flattery the want of Merit in others who are not out yet.

But whoever be the Writer, 'tis Things not Perſons I'm concern'd for: and had this *Examiner* ſaid more of the Subject of theſe Letters, I ſhou'd have taken leſs notice of what he ſays about the Writer of them. Now, as to that, never ſure was *Examination* ſo like No-*Examination* as this, which has been theſe two Months cooking up. All which the honeſt *Tory* hopes to find diſprov'd, this worthy *Examination* gives up; as we ſhall ſee, in going over the ſeveral Particulars.

The firſt Point was to ſhew, That a good Peace cou'd not be had after the

Ramillies Campaign. *This indeed*, says the Examiner, *is a Point I think the* Letter-Writer *had as little right to controvert as my self: the Power of Peace and War is in the Crown; and the Prince upon such important Occasions*, generally *advises with the Council. I shall not presume to intrude my self so far into the Government, as to* argue *this Point*. Thus he tells us, we are to expect no *Argument* on this Head; and he continues to be in the same Humour on the next; which shews, that the War in *Spain* has not been neglected. *I shall as little take upon me*, says he, *to judge of this Management, as I did before of the Reasonableness of making Peace or continuing the War; both the one and the other being equally above that Manager's Sphere and mine.*

But how does he know that? Suppose he is mistaken in his Manager, and he shou'd be found at last to be a *Layman*, and a *Member* too; and I have heard more than one guess'd at. But he goes on: *Since he positively declares there was no Neglect or Mismanagement, I will answer him with*, what do you think? *with the humble Representation of the Right Honourable*, &c. What can one do with so stupid a Writer, who can at one Blow knock down all

Reaſon and Argument with *irreſiſtible Authority*? The *Examiner* gives us a Piece of this Repreſentation, but leaves off in the middle of a Sentence, in the very Place where it was moſt for his purpoſe to go on; ſince it wou'd have ſhewn to all the World how groſly the *Letter-Writer* is miſtaken in the Cauſes he aſſigns for the Loſs of the Battle of *Almanza*, and the Miſcarriage at *Thoulon*.

Had this *Examiner* been as wiſe as he ſhou'd have been, he wou'd have inſerted the whole *Repreſentation*, to give Force and Beauty to his Performance; which wants both exceedingly. For my own part, I have ſo great a Value for all that comes from that Auguſt Aſſembly, that I think their Productions can never be made too publick; and for that reaſon am ſorry, 'tis not inſerted here at large, in a Pamphlet, which will certainly be read, once at leaſt, by vaſt numbers.

Thus much this able Writer has to ſay to the two firſt Points, in the *Management of the War*, little enough God help him; and yet, for fear of being *too tedious*, which 'tis impoſſible for him to avoid, if he writes two Words, and becauſe *other Duties require his attendance*, ſays, *I ſhall be ſtill*

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ſhorter in relation to the ſecond Letter, as well to ſpare time (one wou'd think from this Writer's concern to *ſpare time*, that this was a moſt elaborate Piece, and had coſt him a great deal of pains) *as becauſe indeed it is rather a Panegyrick on the D. of* M———*for whom he has all due deference:* After which comes an inſipid Declamation againſt Flattery.

Then as to the Merits of the Cauſe, *I have already*, ſays he, *acquainted your Lordſhip, how improper I judge it for Men of my Coat to ſet up for Stateſmen; and how unreaſonable for all Men in low Stations to judge of the Government: which at once takes me off* (for God's ſake, who ſet him on?) *the neceſſity of ſaying any thing to the two Points of puſhing the War in* FLANDERS *or elſewhere, and the prolonging of it in general. I cannot pretend to be Soldier enough to decide which is the propereſt place to make War: nor had I ever the Honour of being admitted into the Council, to know who was for protracting, or who for putting an end to it. I ſhall therefore forbear touching upon thoſe parts which are ſo much above me; and only remark upon the Author.*

Is not this now a merry Writer? Don't his Paper well deſerve the Name of an

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Examination; which is nothing leſs; which never enters at all into the Argument, but upon each Head profeſſedly declares againſt all arguing? Nothing ſure cou'd tempt this Writer to put ſuch a Name to his Paper, but the ridiculous Example my Friend the *Examiner* has ſet him, in aſſuming a Title he never yet tolerably anſwer'd, nor ever intends to anſwer; having on many Occaſions declar'd his Averſion to enter into Diſputes, for no other reaſon that I know of, but becauſe 'tis the only way to come at Truth. Which practice is a fine Compliment to the Underſtanding of thoſe he writes to; who he thinks dare no more look into any Papers, or believe any thing in *Politicks* but what he directs them to, or dictates, than ſo many blind Papiſts, who think it a Crime to look into the Writings of the Proteſtants for fear they ſhou'd be convinc'd before they are aware. There wou'd be no end of entring into the particular Dulneſſes of this *Examiner*, and therefore I ſhall not begin; I have ſaid enough to excite the Reader's Curioſity, and I wou'd have them truſt nothing but their own Eyes.

I ſhall only obſerve, as this Writer is extremely dull, ſo is he extremely modeſt, Talents that ought always to go toge-

together; and were the Modeſty real, 'twou'd be a very commendable quality, but that it can't be: for, if it had, he had never ſet Pen to Paper, nor meddled with a Subject that is not only out of his Sphere, as he confeſſes, but what he does not confeſs ſo plainly at leaſt, is alſo above his Capacity. And unleſs he can be ſerviceable to his *Lordſhip* ſome other way, I dare ſay, he will never have a Miter, or at leaſt he will never write himſelf into one. His Modeſty is an Affectation only, to excuſe him for ſaying nothing, where he has nothing to ſay; and ſhews how fit a Tool he is for Arbitrary Power, like his Friends of the *Popiſh Clergy*, who, if you talk to them of the Violence, Injuſtice, Oppreſſion, Perfidiouſneſs and Uſurpations of the *French* King, are the modeſteſt Men living; if you ask them how they juſtify ſuch barbarous Perſecutions, ſo many unjuſt Wars, the Effuſion of ſo much *Chriſtian* Blood, the Deſolations of ſo many Countrys, or any other queſtions relating to the monſtrous and ſavage Reign of their great Monarch, be the Caſe ever ſo manifeſt, flagrant and notorious; why they ſhake their Heads, and look grave, and tell you, thoſe things are out of their Sphere; they are not Judges of the Actions of Sove-

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reign Princes, and therefore they lay their Hands upon their Mouths, and wou'd have you think, whatever a *Nero*, a *Dioclesian*, or a *Lewis* does, is all right, and muſt implicitly be, not only ſubmitted to, but approv'd. And thus they conſecrate the greateſt Villanys, and teach the People by their own affected and inſincere Modeſty to be mere Beaſts of Burden; to be rid at the Pleaſure of the two Powers in League againſt them; I ſay two Powers: for if the Clergy ſubmit in appearance to the Prince, 'tis to make the People ſubmit more effectually to them. The *Examiner* and his Friends are juſt of the ſame Mould; they wou'd draw the People of *Great Britain* into the ſame blind implicit Submiſſion to themſelves, by drawing them firſt into a ſlaviſh Reſignation of their Underſtandings to the Arbitrary Will of the Prince. But to take leave of this worthy Writer, I muſt needs ſay, if I had not a better Opinion of the Sincerity of the *Letter-Writer*, I ſhou'd ſuſpect there was ſome booty in this matter; and that the *Manager* had hir'd the *Examiner* to write againſt him. But be that as it will, I wou'd not any more have ſuch ſtupid Writers expect I ſhou'd do them the Honour of an Anſwer.

I have

I have for once condescended thus far, lest my silence shou'd be misinterpreted, as if I declin'd the Protection of the *Letter-Writer*; but he must want it more than he does now, before I shall think it any Compliment to him to take his part: and till the *Management of the War* meets with some Adversarys, that can write better, as this is the first I have taken notice of, so he shall be the last.

FINIS.

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